

WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

[VOL. IV.

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For the Weekly Visitor.

FROM THE
LADIES' (LONDON) MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

THOUGH the opinions of an old bachelor upon the subject of *matrimony*, have but little chance of making a *deep impression* upon your fair reader's minds; yet, as I have had frequent opportunities of making my observations upon the few happy unions which take place, by inserting a description of them, it will, at least, apologize for my chusing to lead a *single life*.

By example, we are taught much easier than by precept: we readily discover the *mote* in our neighbour's eye; whilst the *beam* which darkens our own perceptive faculties, is actually suffered to obscure our sight. I have always considered marriage as a foretaste of future *joys* or *punishments*; a kind of heaven, or hell, upon earth; and though some few souls may find it an intermediate situation, yet such it certainly proves to the general mass. When I assert that there are but *few happy marriages*, I mean it to be understood, that I judge from the circle of my own friends, which, allow me to say, is by no means contracted—for *Fortune* imperceptibly procures the acquaintance of both sexes. My house is good, my gardens are extensive, and I am never so happy as when

the former is filled: therefore, if I have not a numerous set of *friends*, I certainly have a large train of acquaintance, by whom I am frequently visited, and whom I occasionally visit in turn.

About two years back, I was invited to spend a fortnight with a distant relation, who had just entered into the marriage state, and who, expecting to enjoy some part of my possessions, was anxious to introduce me to his wife. The lady was about one and twenty, and her husband, whom I shall merely distinguish by the name of Adolphus, exactly twenty-eight; and, independently of his profession, he had an estate of about three hundred a year. At the time of my visit, they had been married about nine weeks; the *honey-moon* of course, had expired; yet I could not help fearing my presence would be an intrusion, or kind of check upon the mutual display of tenderness and love. I happened to arrive about an hour before supper. The bride required not the adventitious aid of dress; notwithstanding which, her person was adorned with a variety of ornaments—in fact, she was as much decorated as if going to a ball.

This studied appearance, Mr. Editor, I confess, rather prejudiced me against her, for I think with the poet, that 'Love-liness unadorned, is adorned the most.' I took myself to task for thinking uncharitably of my new relation, and was re-

solved to consider her dress, a compliment intended me. Supper was announced: we retired to another apartment; but scarcely had the servant removed a cover from the top dish, when Adolphus remarked, in a peevish accent, that his wife knew he *detested* rabbits fried.

"That is excellent!" retorted the lady, "it was but last Thursday, you declared you hated them either *roasted* or *boiled*, and liked them fried, on account of the *crisped parsley*, of which you were remarkably fond."

"Why I never eat crisped parsley by any chance, my dear Amelia!"—Observe Mr. Editor, that my dear Amelia was pronounced with a kind of satiric grin, which seemed to convert my dear into my *devil*; and the lady appeared perfectly to understand what it meant, for she exclaimed. "I am sure, if I was to study your appetite from June to January, not one dish in all that time would please; but I shall give it up, Sir," continued she, smiling, and addressing herself to me; "I wish you would give your relation a *good lecture*, for I believe you are the only one he fears.—Heigh ho! I wish I had never married: yet I believe all men are alike—all kindness and attention before the ceremony, and all dissatisfaction and ill humour as soon as it has taken place."

"Whilst you are harranguing upon the discomforts of matrimony Amelia,"

rejoined Benedict, 'recollect the supper is getting cold; and as Mr. L. has been the greater part of the day travelling, I should suppose he would be glad to have something to eat.' 'Your observations are very just, sir,' retorted the lady, putting a piece of rabbit upon my plate, and directing a glance towards her husband, not of the most affectionate kind. A lobster was placed near Adolphus, which, after dressing, he declared not to be fresh. 'Is there any other thing which you can find fault with?' enquired Amelia; 'I verily believe there are chickens in those eggs: suppose you break one, my dear, by way of an experiment, and I dare say it will call cock-a-doodle-do.'

"How insufferably provoking!" exclaimed the discontented husband, at the same time giving away his plate. Amelia burst into a violent fit of laughter, whilst her angry spouse amused himself with biting his nails.

Happy, enviable state of wedlock! tho't I. What a fortunate dog I am to have escaped the petty dissensions which embitter all the blessings of life. Perceiving that Adolphus preserved a sullen silence, "You are an entertaining companion," said I, 'it must be owned.' 'Oh, sir! this is nothing, he will remain in his sulks eight and forty hours,' said Amelia, casting a look towards him of ineffable contempt.

"I beg you a thousand pardons," rejoined Adolphus, "but I have had a number of things to vex me to-day; and Amelia, instead of attempting to soothe my temper, always contrives to augment my spleen: but John, give us a glass of wine. To your reformation madam." "To the removal of your ill humour, my sweet, irritable, sir," retorted the new-married lady, making her husband a profound bow.

That *this* was no new scene, was evident, by the perfect composure both parties afterwards assumed. The evening, however, closed much more pleasantly,

and all was my *life, my darling, my dear, and my love*. As sentiment however, was the motive which induced me to pay a visit to this newly-married pair, I resolved not to subject myself to a second domestic jarring, but ordered my horses at an early hour, and leaving a short note for Adolphus, quitted the family before he arose.

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

FASHION,

THE INJUSTICE, CRUELTY, AND FOLLY OF ITS ENEMIES.

THE FASHIONS are a subject, against which, the standard of literary warfare, has long, though unsuccessfully, been erected. Like its sister folly, it has been pronounced to be *lawful game*, which its enemies have not failed to pursue with the bitterest rancour. They have attacked it in every shape, and with every possible weapon.—But their fury has not been able to destroy it. Nor have they been able to effect, by secret means, what they were unable to accomplish by their opposition. The devotees of fashion are no more to be wrought on by the sober and serious suggestions of reason, than by the vain blustering and pretended severity of the satirist.—They disregard the one, and despise the other.

Nothing, however, can equal the injustice, cruelty, and folly of its enemies. Not content with branding it with every opprobrious epithet, their imaginations, fertile in abuse, could devise; they have had the base design of destroying its influence for ever. By the shafts of ridicule, by coarse wit and banter, they have endeavoured to ruin its reputation among the wise and good, and to persuade them that its worship, was the grossest of folly. By representing to them the vanity of all earthly things, they have attempted to convince them that an attention to externals was an employment equally unpr

fitable and unwise.—Nay, they have ever asserted that beauty received no advantage from its glittering ornaments, but that when, "unadorned, is adorned the most." By which they would persuade our fair country-women, that their native charms could not be set off by the splendid inventions of art, or rendered more captivating by the borrowed graces of fashion.

Forgetting the favours they themselves had once received at the hands of fashion, with base ingratitude and cruelty, they set themselves up to ruin this favourite of our youth. Satiated with enjoyment themselves, they envied the gratification it procured to others—and while they professed to destroy its influence, directed a deadly blow at our purest pleasure.

The persecuted innocent was not to be subdued by the cruelty and wickedness of its enemies. Having borne these accumulated injuries with firmness and resignation, it has at length overcome their hatred, and risen superior to all their machinations. Fashion has now established her dominion upon a sure basis, and smiles with indignation and scorn on the impotent malice of her enemies: enemies who hoped to sap the foundation of her power by base insinuation and falsehood. Reason and argument they dare not employ; aware that these would avail them little with her determined votaries, they sought to blast her reputation, and thus eventually to withdraw the admiration and homage she had been accustomed to receive from the crowds who continually surround her. Wretched enthusiasts, their folly would disarm even an adversary of his resentment. Why wish to pull down the idol of worth, beauty, and honour?—why wish that the reign of fashion would be over? If this fair fabric of excellence must fall; let it fall by open and honourable warfare, not by vile and secret machinations.—Let it fall in the face of day. And when its advocates are no longer able to support it, they will yield it up a victim to its enemies.

C.

For the Weekly Visitor.

AN AUTHENTIC FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN IN SCOTLAND.

FOUNDED IN FACT.

*****During a very heavy fall of snow, in the winter of 1784, we rode on horse-back from Berwick to Kelso, upon the banks of the Tweed, regardless of the remonstrances of many, who insisted that the roads were impassable to the west; and, in truth it was an act of hardihood and folly, as the congealed flakes were drifted by the blast, and beat violently against our eyes and teeth. At every step, the jaded animals were more than knee-deep, and may be rather said to have plunged onward than otherwise. When we arrived, with much difficulty, at a naked, lonely, alehouse, near Tweedle, on the river Till, we found an inhabitant of Kelso, who had been detained in this thatched hotel, two days, by the inclement season: he sat, in a contracted state, inclining over the embers on the hearth, like the personification of the ague. When he recognized us, his features assumed their wonted firmness, and, gathering intrepidity from example, he resolved to accompany us, although the roads and ditches were so filled up, that the vast face of the country seemed an unbroken, white expanse. On our arrival in the middle of a heath, which we did not accomplish until the insidious approaches of night, we faintly discovered a female form wading and floundering irregularly towards us, in the trackless snow: her attire was so loose, and involved so much of the simplicity of a villager, that she appeared as if habited merely to pass from one neighbour's house to another. Viewing her through the misty atmosphere, we hesitated to pronounce her as human; the contour of her body was so softened by the intermediate vapours, that she seemed aerial. On our becoming nearer, we ascertained her, with extreme astonishment, to be the wife of our companion! she had been

wandering in a spirit of desperation, thirteen miles from her home and her infants, in that bleak day, to find the remains of her beloved Willy, believing him, from his unusual and alarming absence, to have perished in the hard weather. Upon the instantaneous assurance that she beheld her husband, once more, she issued a loud and piercing shriek, and sunk motionless in the snow. When we had chafed her temples, and imperfectly recovered her, she clasped her hands, in all the fervour of exceeding piety, and raising her eyes to heaven, blessed her God, for her deliverance from trouble: and a more genuine thanksgiving never ascended the Empyrean! At the conclusion of her prayer, we placed the shivering, amiable woman woman on the ablest horse, and conveyed her to Coldstream, overpowered by the sensation of an excessive joy, succeeding the conflicts of severe duty, and the most agonizing woe! What an inspiring instance of conjugal tenderness! Could Cornelia or Portia have done more?

Read this, and reflect, ye beautiful, but impure portion of my wedded countrywomen—who wantonly forsake the bliss of sympathy, for lawless voluptuousness! Whose document breathes hope, but whose principle is misery! Who demand happiness, while ye are recreant to virtue, and fatten Civilians, for arguments erected upon the basis of your eternal shame!

FOR THE W. VISITOR.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS;

TRANSLATED FROM THEOCRITUS;

IDYLLIUM XXXI.

When fair Adonis was no more
And Venus saw him stain'd with gore,
When in his face the modest blush
No more's perceiv'd with love to flush,
She thus address'd her Cupid's:—'Haste,
' And swiftly glide across the waste;
' Thro' every neighbouring forest rove,
And seize the boar that kill'd my love.'
As birds on lightest pinions ride,

So thro' the air they swiftly glide;
Now soon the guilty wretch is found,
Who gave the fatal, deadly wound.
They tied his feet with fetters strong,
And dragg'd him hastily along.
One pinch'd his tail to make him go,
Another beat him with his bow*.
But as they urg'd him on to move,
The more to stay behind he strove.
O how he quak'd when Venus 'peard,
For dreadful punishments he fear'd.
The goddess spake. 'O murd'rous boar!
' Why did you stain my love with gore?
' Why did'st deprive of life, the boy,
' To me a source of purest joy?'
The boar replies. 'I speak in truth,
' I ne'er deign'd to hurt the youth,
' But tho't I should with phrenzy die,
' Unless I kiss'd his beauteous thigh.
' My tusks, O Venus, gave the blow,
' On them permit your wrath to flow;
' My lips I'll their companions make,
' And let them of your wrath partake.'

These words so tenderly express'd,
To mercy open'd Venus' breast;
And with a countenance serene,
From her revenge releas'd the queen.
She then pronounc'd the victim free,
And gave him perfect liberty.
Still would he not return to rove
Within the accusom'd shady grove,
His tusks consum'd he in the fire,
Replete so lately with desire;
Then chose forever to remain
In Cytherea's brilliant train.

X. Y. Z.

* These two lines are borrowed from Fawkes' translation.

A disposition to repine at our situation in life is too prevalent. It is by comparison alone, that we can truly estimate our good or ill fortune, and in whatever difficulty we may be involved from that source, we may derive consolation. A highly celebrated author furnishes us with the following passage:

'My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant, nor can I reflect without pleasure, on the bounty of nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honorable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune.'

Gibbon.

THE following beautiful portrait, from a moral limner, is painted from the life, and in colors which glow with brightness, and will last for ages.

The temper of a christian, is not a temper of sordid sensuality or lazy apathy, or dogmatizing pride, or disappointed ambition. More truly independent of worldly estimation, than philosophy, with all her boasts, it forms a perfect contrast to Epicurean selfishness, to Stoical pride, and to Cynical brutality. It is a temper compounded of firmness and complacency, and peace and love; and manifesting itself in acts of kindness and of courtesy; a kindness not pretended, but genuine; a courtesy not false and superficial, but cordial and sincere.—In the hour of popularity, it is not intoxicated or insolent; in the hour of unpopularity, it is not desponding or morose; unshaken in constancy, unwearied in benevolence, firm without roughness, and assiduous without servility.

THE HUNGRY ARAB.

AN Arab who was travelling through the desert, was almost exhausted with hunger and thirst, when he unexpectedly perceived a man who had spread a cloak upon the ground, and was taking his repast with an excellent appetite. The Arab saluted him, according to custom, and sat down beside him. 'Whence camest thou?' asked the stranger. 'From the village,' replied the famished Arab, hoping that he should be invited to partake. 'Hast thou seen my house?' continued the former. 'Yes,' answered the Arab; it is beautiful and magnificent; its roof reaches the sky, and its court is delightful as the plains of Paradise.

Hast thou seen my shepherd's dog?

O, yes! he watches thy herds and thy flocks with such vigilance, that no wolf can come near them.

Hast thou seen my son Calid?

Yes, he was at school, and was reading to his master in the Koran, with great fluency, and in a most impressive tone.

How is Calid's mother?

As well as thou canst wish! and there is not a creature, either male or female, in all Arabia, who manages a house better, or can weave more skilfully, or bears a higher character for mildness and benevolence.

Hast thou also seen my camel that carries out water?

Yes, it is in the best condition.

The man hearing all this welcome intelligence concerning his wife, his son, and his property, was so rejoiced, that he began to eat with a still greater appetite, but offered the languishing Arab not a morsel. This unfortunate wretch, tormented with the pangs of hunger, was now ashamed of his flattery, and said to himself, 'I must attack this covetous and insatiable fellow in another way.' At this moment a dog came up; allured by the smell of the victuals, he stood still and wagged his tail. 'Yes,' said the Arab, 'if thy dog were still alive, he would have wagged his tail exactly in the same manner.' 'Alas,' exclaimed the man, 'is my dog dead? how did he perish?

By drinking thy camel's blood, said the Arab.

What, did my camel die too?

No, replied the Arab, they killed it for the funeral dinner of Calid's mother.

O heavens! is Calid's mother dead?

Yes, answered the Arab.

Of what disorder did she die?

Of what disorder? she struck her head with such violence upon Calid's tomb, that she died of the wound.

What, my son dead too?

A violent earthquake demolished thy house, and he was buried in the ruins.

Grief and horror at this melancholy intelligence, deprived the stranger of his appetite—he ceased to eat, rose from his repast, left his provisions behind him, and hastened home with all possible dispatch, while the hungry Arab sat down and regaled himself.

For the Weekly Visitor.

From the Port Folio, we extract the following elegant observations TO THE LADIES.

"LET the ladies be assured that tho' to dress, and trol the tongue, and roll the eye, be most winning arts to ensnare the passions, yet they will not gratify the mind—they cannot bind the heart. Two young persons meet at that season of life when the imagination is roving and the heart is peculiarly alive to the softer emotions. They gaze on each other with mutual delight, and sensibility, sweet sensibility whispers to them that their pleasure will always last. Now all this is but the calenture of the brain—the mere wings of love without the body; it is not the arrow that has pierced, but it is the feathers that grazed; and the luxuriance of their feelings has magnified a passing touch into a wound by the bow bearing god. The nipping winds of the winter of their life, succeeds the buxom breezes of its spring, and, alas! too feelingly remind them what they are. The envious hand of Old Age furrows the dimpled cheek, and robs it of Nature's fair vermillion—the lustre of the eye is dimmed, and those lips which might once have suspended the eccentric flight of the bee, are pale and bloodless. Familiarity has robbed every charm of its novelty, and a short interchange of sentiments has exhausted the scanty coffers of their brains. Indifference quickly succeeds the warmest love, and mutual disgust is not far off. That such is the career of too many of our matrimonial adventurers is too well known. I have not drawn a caricature—the picture is sketched from life. I am no misanthrope.

I delight not in such lucid colourings of Nature's fairest work. The canvass has not been polluted by envy, nor unrequited love, nor has hatred or malice furnished a single tint. I am far from being an audacious reviler of the sex. It is my best pleasure to cherish a sincere fondness, and an undissembled respect for its loveliness and dignity. Milton has acknowledged that *love is not the lowest end of human life*, and I readily believe that this world, without the *sweet intercourse of looks and smiles*, would be but a wide waste, indeed.

But whilst I admire, praise, and defend, let me not be supposed so blind, as to view all their virtues and their vices, their beauties and deformities, through the same partial vista. The sickly mein of affectation, the folly of a weak mind, and the ungenial chill of prudery, a tainted imagination with many other frailties which female *flesh is heir to*, must be corrected before woman can be called perfect. Yet, with all these imperfections, how infinitely do they surpass us in virtue, friendship, constancy, fortitude, genuine good sense, and unaffected good nature!

Nor do I believe there are so many of the character I have described, as the arrogance of some, and the impertinence of others, would imagine. *One*, far above the rest, I have before me, lovely, meek, and amiable, such as the rest ought to be. Her manners are free without familiarity, dignified but not haughty, correct but not prudish. In her conversation she is sensible without pedantry; she can talk of dress with the gay and the frivolous, and converse on books with the studious. She has a tear for the tale of woe, without affecting what she does not feel; and when the melody of music steals upon her willing ear, she has a heart to feel, and a taste to relish. But the task of portraying such perfection, though pleasing, is too arduous, and shall not be disgraced by an unworthy hand. It is above the power of the humble pro-

saist, and the harmony and fancy of the poet, are only adequate.

In almost every work of established merit, such portraits may be found; and it will be perceived, that the artist never rises to such a height, and his genius never shines more resplendent, than when he borrows a gleam of inspiration from the rays of female charms. Such are the Eve of Milton, the Imogen of Shakspeare, the Belphebe of Spencer, the Armida of Tasso, &c. &c.

Let women consult these. Let them lay aside their pride and affectation. Let them select a milliner for the mind, and hold *the mirror up to nature*. Let them do this, and all the severity of satire will be retorted. The spear of Ithuriel will touch lightly, and not display a single stain on the white robe of their purity.

SEDLEY.

ANECDOTE OF D'ALEMBERT.

D'Alembert was the son of a celebrated lady of high rank, who, to conceal her indiscretion, caused him to be exposed on the steps of the church of St. Roch. Here he was found by a poor woman, who earned a livelihood by her needle; she adopted him, maintained him by the produce of her labor, and placed him in the college of Montaigu. The young man profited by the instruction he received, so that, like Pascal, he made new discoveries in geometry in his fifteenth year. His name soon became known over all Europe, and the learned courted the society of the young student of Montaigu. Such was the fame he acquired by his early talents, that the lady at last began to be proud of having given birth to such a son. His foster-mother had been watched, and consequently, the real mother had obtained information concerning the fate of the child, but without contributing towards his subsistence. Vanity brought about what the voice of nature was incapable of effecting. She one day repaired to the college, and requested to see the

youth. He came. She began a long harrangue on the tyranny of prejudice, on the pain she felt at being obliged to forsake him, and so forth. "I am your mother," said she. "You my mother, madam? You are mistaken, I have no mother but her who took care of me in my infancy." He turned his back on her, and never saw her more, but continued the affectionate and dutiful son of the sempstress, and repaid her with interest in her old age, the cares she had bestowed on his childhood.

La Belle Assemblée.

RICHARDSON.

THE celebrated Richardson relates the following anecdote of his "boyish days," while he was a mere country lad, and before he became an apprentice to a printer:

"As a bashful, and not forward boy, I was an early favorite with all the young women of taste and reading, in the neighbourhood.—Half a dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, to borrow me to read to them; and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making.

"I was not more than thirteen, when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having an high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, as correct, for answer's to their lover's letters; nor did any of them ever know that I was the secretary of the others. I have been desired to chide, and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the chider or repulser, was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser dreading to be taken at her word, directing this word, or that expression to be softened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover's fervour and vows of everlasting love, has said,

when I have asked her direction—I cannot tell you what to write; but (her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly! All her fear was only that she should incur slight for her kindness."

WEEKLY VISITOR.

Saturday, Oct. 4.

DRAWING near the close of the present volume, we acknowledge, with grateful sentiments, the liberal share of public favour which we have experienced;—upwards of five hundred respectable names having been added to our list.

In order that we may, in future, enrich our pages, various English periodical publications of deserved celebrity, will be regularly obtained.—Works of merit in our own country, will, likewise, be constantly received. With the assistance, therefore, of friendly correspondents, our work, we hope, will be thought worthy to amuse the leisure hours of the fair, to whom it is humbly dedicated.

With the amendments contemplated, we purpose changing the title, and the WEEKLY VISITOR, OR LADIES' MISCELLANY, will hereafter be known to its patrons by the name of the LADIES' WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

It shall be our care to solicit the agency of respectable gentlemen in the towns in this and the neighbouring States. In the mean time, our friends, where we at present are without an agent, will please to favor us, *post paid*, with the amount due; at the same time specifying their wishes respecting a continuance of the work.

THE THEATRE.

On Monday evening last, the theatre was opened with Shakespeare's *Richard the Third*. At the drawing up of the curtain, the house was full in every direction. Mr. Fennel is said to have acquitted himself very commendably in delineating the various cruelties of the "crook back'd tyrant." Mr. Cooper performed the character of *Richmond*; and, we are told, gave it a colouring to which it was considered as hardly susceptible.

Mr. Fennel appeared, on Wednesday evening in his favorite character of

Othello; and he played the part with energy and feeling. Mr. Cooper personated *Iago* (the first time,) in a masterly style. He evinced throughout the performance the nicest discrimination. The expression "beware, my lord, of jealousy," was accompanied by looks more expressive than language itself. We have been accustomed to see this part acted in a manner so very dissimilar to that adopted by Mr. C. as, probably, to render his acting doubly pleasing to us. The audience testified the utmost satisfaction.

The *Cassio* of Mr. Martin was very respectable.

LONDON, AUG. 16.

Princess of Wales. It is now confidently stated that a copy of the report upon a certain mysterious and delicate inquiry, was presented to the illustrious female principally concerned, on the 11th of this month. The report is dated the 14th of July. The report substantially nullifies all the weighty charges, and only animadverts upon some peculiarities in manner, which might appear as levities in women of this country, but which are the ordinary habits of foreigners.—It is needless for us to express our high gratification at this result of an inquiry that has excited so much attention, as it must be the common feeling of every tender, generous, and manly heart.

New-Haven, Oct. 7.

On Saturday morning last, Mr. Joseph Frith, a member of the senior class of Yale College, went a short distance from town on a fowling excursion, accompanied by three of his fellow collegians. In a neighbouring grove their dog announced game, and while they each one were eagerly watching to discover it, the unhappy victim a little in advance of his companions, the fowl took to wing, and being seen at the same instant by two of the latter, they both fired, when Mr. Frith fell. It seems probable (for amid

the shock of such a scene recollection must be confused) that the bird on rising bent his course so as to place Mr. Frith between itself and those who fired, and rapidly following the same direction with their pieces, the fatal discharge was given. The contents entered the back part and near the centre of his head; he languished until about 10 o'clock on Sunday morning ere the lamp of life became fully extinct; insensible, however, from the first, to every object around him.

The loss of this young gentleman, while it agonizes the hearts of his relatives, will be sensibly felt and deplored by his acquaintances. To a warm and generous heart he united an uncommonly amiable deportment and talents which gave flattering presages of future usefulness. These alas! at the early age of seventeen, arrived from the bosom of parental expectation, and in one rash moment consigned to a premature grave!

From the Boston Centinel.

THE numerous advertisements of the "*Knights of the puff*," in the papers of this town and New York, are very well hit off in the following *extra* effusion:—We are sorry we have no Gorgon's head to decorate it with.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

"*Æquali Tonsore capillos,*"

I'll cue, bleed, or blister, or shave great and small,
I'll toupee, or thrucpee, or lather ye all.

BELTSHAZZER VON POWDERPUFF, Pomatum-Master General, Earl of the patent razor, Baron of the nervous lather brush, Knight Errant of the fine-tooth comb, and Heir Apparent of every barberous tool under heaven—begs leave to inform the fashionables, that he has just arrived from *Babylon*, and is now rapidly approximating the crisis of a temporary sojournment in the bosom of this metropolis, where he most humbly prefers himself as a candidate for the ministry at the altars of fashion, and worthy to embellish the polls of her votaries.

He most fondly flatters himself that his exclusive title to their patronage will

be as readily admitted to belief by the initiation of candor, as it is warranted, and adamantly established upon the rock-rooted basis of authority.

Descended from a long train of Barbers, he has embraced their profession—a profession as decorous as indispensable. By this, he has found means of access to men of the greatest information and science, from whose friendly hints, he has been sedulous to weave into his system, every curl and ringlet advantageous to beauty, while he has been careful to avoid every super-graceful hair. No customers ever quitted the shop of *Belteshazzar Von Powderpuff*, without leaving behind him the most grateful testimony of his approbation. His greatest Great, Great Grandfather, dressed the heads of the *Corinthians, a la mode de St. PAUL*. He was perfectly acquainted with the '*flavum crinem*' of the Mantuan Bard, and has the honor of being able to evince, by his family records, that his grandmother's husband's brother's father's nephew, was the exclusive waiting hair-dresser of *Absalom*. His father invented the '*Gallia Comata*,' but was forced to fly in the midst of his harvest, when *Julius Caesar* conquered the *Gauls*, and ordered all the pomatum pots to be broken.—He cut, too the hair from the head of *Heracitus*, and carried himself, or sent it, by order of *Constantine*, to the *Pope*.

But it is needless for *Belteshazzar Von Powderpuff* to recount the honors of his ancestors; like them, he, "from the orient to the drooping west," making his foot a post horse, has travelled over the globe to improve himself in the erudition of his art, and render himself complete master of *Barbery*. He may be said to have cleaned his combs with the pyramids of *Egypt*, and *Cleopatra's* needle; whet his razor on the obelisks of *Tadmair*; moistened his soap with the *Tiber* and the *Euphrates*; and lathered the greatest men, of his time.—He bleeds, blisters, shaves, glisters, crops, puffs, cuts, cues, oils, greases, perfume's, pomatum's, or tallow

candle's all mankind—He challenges *Lavigne, Smallpeace, Huggins*, or any other Barber "on the earth beneath, or in the waters which are under the earth," to skave, bleed, toupee, curl, whirl, or hurl with him by night or by day, in the penalty of five hundred pounds. He engages to excel the pinnacle of their excellence in *shaving*, by merely spitting in the face of his customer, and throwing a razor at his beard, *distant ten feet*.—He will out curl them by carrying a red hot poker through the *next street*.—and out whirl them by a method best known to himself.

N. B. An Apprentice wanted at the above business. *Sept. 24, 1806.*

The city inspector reports the death of 47 persons, of whom 10 were men, 8 women, 12 boys, and 11 girls, during the week, ending on Saturday last, viz. Of casualties 3, cholera 1, consumption 6, convulsions 3, debility 1, decay 4, dropsy 1, epilepsy 2, nervous fever 1, typhus fever 2, infantile flux 4, hives 2, intemperance 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, old age 2, palsy 1, small pox 1, putrid sore throat 1, sprue 1, still born 2, teething 2, whooping cough 2, and 2 of worms.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. John Dow, to Miss Mary Walker, both of this city.

On Tuesday, by the rev. John Ireland, Thomas Fenner, esq. of Poughkeepsie, to Mrs. Dorothy Alder, relict of Mr. Caleb Alder, late merchant of this city.

At Bedford, on the 24th ult. by the rev. Mr. Grant, Mr. Benjamin Haight, to Miss Catharine Holly, daughter of col. Holly.

At the same place, by the rev. Mr. Grant, Mr. Jotham Smith, to Miss Abigail Haight, daughter of Mr. Nicolas Haight.

At Demarara, the 5th of June, Mr. Murrow, of England, to Miss Eliza Van Horne, daughter of the late James Van Horne, of this city.

DIED, at Plandome, on Long Island, aged 69, of an apoplectic fit, Mary Mitchell, relict of the late Robert Mitchell, and mother of Samuel L. Mitchell, senator of the United States.

THEATRE.

Fourth night of Mr. FENNEL's engagement.

.....TO SHEW
THE VERY AGE AND BODY OF THE TIME,
ITS FORM AND PRESSURE.

THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, OCT. 11,
WILL BE PRESENTED,

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

Octavian	Mr. Cooper
Violet	— Hallam
Kilmallock	— Harwood
Roque	— Hogg
Muleteers, Goatherds, &c. Darley, Shapter, &c.	
Lope Tocho	Mr. Martin
Bulcazin Muley	Mr. Fennel
Ganem	— Saubere
Sadi	— Twaits
1st Moor	— Allen
2d Moor	— Oliff
Zorayda	Mrs. Placide
Floranthé	— Villiers
Agnes	— Oldmixon

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

Scout	Mr. Harwood
Snarl	— Hogg
Justice Mittimus	— Shapter
Charles	— Saubere
Sheepface	— Twaits.

Mrs. Scout	Mrs. Simpson
Kate	Mrs. Wheatly.

Monday Evening

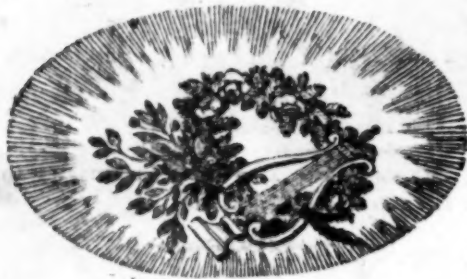
RICHARD III.

RICHARD	MR. COOPER
RICHMOND	MR. FENNEL.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Three or four young women who have a perfect knowledge of the TAYLOR'S BUSINESS.—The best wages will be given. Apply at this Office.

* * Three or four apprentices wanted to the above business.



From the Weekly Inspector.

THE FOP.

A SONG BY DR. CAUSTICK.

LORD only look ! there goes a fop !
As nice a thing as e'er did hop,
And dangle round a lady !
A dainty dapper bit of man,
As fine as spangles on a fan,
Or pinks upon a May day.

See how it flaunts about and flares,
And how it ogles, winks, and stares,
With painted cheeks so rosy !
All escenc'd up with burgamot.
Powder'd, pomatum'd, and what not,
O, what a pretty posity !

See, round, and round, and round it skips
To twenty lovely ladyships,
And chatters like a pie, sir ;
It talks as much as though the brains
Its little squashy head contains,
Would fill musquito's eye, sir.

Now see it balance up to Suz,
And now it tramps away to PAUZ,
And now sets out to stalk a
Minuet...the fiddle squeals ;
Grand as a turkey cock it feels,
With Miss Keturah Gawkey !

And now with deary down it squats,
And chats and grins, and grins and chats,
Like some baboon's relation ;
And, bless me, look, what loving works !
One simpers, and the other smirks,
All flummery and flirtation !

' But,' quoth Tom Tawdry, ' mark how well
' Sir fopling suits each dashing belle....
' Your railing I'm afraid is
' The effect of disappointed spleen
Because the beau is foremost seen
' In favor of the ladies.'

He please the ladies ! very good ;
Why then I would not if I could,
So notable my spunk is ;
I'd let them sooner seek gallants
From Afric's coast, or that of France,
Brisk sans culottes....or monkies.

For the Weekly Visitor.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

" From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

FASHION.—****The other day my daughter Molly complained that our flight of stairs were such, that she found the greatest difficulty in ascending ; and requested that I would have them altered. ' Indeed,' said I, ' this is a pretty story ! There is your mother, an old woman, and here is your father, an old man ; we have always found the stairs easy enough. It is your clothes which make the difficulty : give them another *breadth* and all is safe.'—' La ! papa, how you talk ? I have a *breadth and a half* in them already, and I would not add one inch more for the world ! Indeed, papa, I intended, if you would only have the stairs altered, to have reduced them to *one breadth*.' ' Pshaw !' rejoined I, ' if you go on at this rate, you will not be able to get up stairs at all. I'll tell you what, if you will reduce them to *half a breadth*, in order to accommodate you, I will have a hole cut through the ceiling, fix up a tackle, and hoist you up.' This plan would not do ; and my distressed daughter is compelled to stick to her *breadth and a half*.

You can't think, Mr. editor, how I was tickled the other day, at an accident that happened in our kitchen. Molly, for some reason, or by some accident, (for it is but seldom she troubles her head about household affairs) attempted to mend the kitchen fire ; in doing which she overturned a tea-kettle filled with scalding water. Nature instantly presented her with the means of avoiding injury from the disaster, by giving a

spring beyond the distance the water would probably reach : but *Fashion* said, stand still. *Nature* cried out, jump :—*Fashion*, more vociferously, said, you shall not ! But *Nature* prevailed—and Molly gave a leap ; for which act of temerity *Fashion* was revenged, by throwing her down on her face.

In publishing an article on *Marriage*, which commences—" Every man who marries ought to have three *views*"—A Baltimore paper has given it—Every man who marries ought to have three *wives*. This is probably an accidental *anagram*.

Sir John Davies says, " The law is a fortress for the weak to retire into ; a sanctuary for the oppressed to fly into ; it restrains the boldness of the insolent ; it tieth with manacles the hands of the potent ; and, like the harp of Orpheus, it charmeth the fierceness of the lion and the tiger, so as the poor lamb may be in safety by them."

MODERN FASHION.

A lady of fashion, dressed in the present taste, is, literally speaking *nobody* ; and strange to tell, the full grown misses, naturally prone, as we might suppose, to matrimony, seem determined not to have *anybody*. It is presumed, however, that this determination will not last long, and that, by next winter at farthest, they will have *somebody*.

In the little island of Faroe, when a clergyman dies, his successor in the parish is obliged to marry his widow, who is considered as a kind of Ecclesiastical *fixture*.

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